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TWILTONE ZONE 85

WE NEVER SLEEP

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"BUT," you are saying to yourself, "This isn't twiltone. Quite right. There are two good reasons for this, the best being the Gestetner over at Shay & Allyn's expired, died and gave up the ghost after the marathon Program Book printing session just before CORFLU 1. The other reason is that the editors of TWILTONE ZONE this time around have a photocopier right in their living room (so they can make copies in the privacy of their own home) and it seemed a shame not to use it. You know, though, that whenever you pick up a fanzine, whether it's printed on twiltone, or by ditto, offset or photocopier, you have entered the Twiltone Zone... (Mood music here.)

And so on to:

REPORT FROM THE CHAIR

It was a warm and pleasant night, actually, a perfect night for a drive in the country, stars hanging high overhead like pinpricks of light shining through the taut dark fabric of sky, full moon racing its shadow on a path midway between horizon and heaven. What magic! Little did we know...

In the wee hours of Sunday morning, January 29, 1984, twenty people or so gathered in the Empire Room of the Claremont Resort Hotel in Berkeley, and agreed that Shay and I should go ahead and chair Corflu in '85. Shay made a presentation based on responses she'd had from hotels in the northern end of this state and, after some discussion, it was further agreed that the next Corflu should be held at the Holiday Inn in Napa,

California. That's in the heart of the wine country; there's a big sign in a field up there that says so.

Time passed...and the weather turned nice, and we more or less got caught up on most of the work we'd been ignoring while preparing for Corflu '84, and there was a long weekend coming up, and it seemed like a good time to see this place for ourselves, and sign the contract.

We figured we'd try a couple of different auto routes, going up via the Golden Gate Bridge and Hwy 101, and returning via Vallejo and I-5. It was twilight before we managed to leave the City, and full dark by the time we reached the fork in the road beyond Santa Rosa. A sign offered us a choice of Sonoma that way, or Napa the other way. We chose Napa. Country roads are fine for night driving when they are well-paved and bordered by open fields, as this stretch was.

We followed the road's gentle curves till we reached the top end of San Francisco Bay (funny to think it stretches this far north, and turned left onto a broad highway. We encountered a billboard announcing the Holiday Inn just a few miles ahead, located on a 5-digit number on Redwood Road in Napa. We came to an intersection in what appeared to be an upscale small town populated by teenagers and gas stations. The cross-street was Redwood Road and the sign there said "Food and Lodging, that way," pointing left.

This is easy, we said, and turned left, keeping a sharp lookout for the hotel. We drove through the business section, we drove through the residential section, we encountered another sign, which announced, "narrow winding road next 14 miles."

The pavement ended.

A street sign claimed that this was still Redwood Road. We looked at each other, shrugged, gulped, and drove on.

"Listen," I said, "Did Lauren mention anything about a narrow winding road?" (Lauren is our liason at the hotel.) "Unh uh," Shay responded, deftly executing a hairpin turn. The road climbed sharply. Streetlights were now appearing at half-mile intervals, then 1-mile intervals. "No wonder Lauren was so anxious to come to us in the city instead of having us come here," Shay added. Trees on either side joined forces, intertwining their limbs high overhead to make a dark leafy tunnel lit only by our headlights.

"Do you really suppose Greyhound comes up here?" I asked a mountain spook peering in at us through the passenger window. The road continued upward, winding as promised; it twisted and looped and doubled back on itself, taking us higher and higher; it narrowed.

"This road is going to be awful if it rains," I announced. Deer leaped over our hood as if we'd been brought in for their amusement. The churning tires kicked up loose gravel, pitting the sides of the car. My ears began to pop.

"How are we going to explain *this* to the convention members?" Shay moaned. Bears paused in their amblings to gaze at us curiously. We neared the tree line. Taller vegetation stepped back a pace, clearing the way for stars. Off to the left the moon hung high, making a celestial halo for the mountain peak. Under the last tree was a street light. Under the street light was a street sign. The street sign said, "Mountain Road." We said, "Thank ghu! We're only lost! We don't have to make the Corflu people come up here!"

Shay found a widening in the road and carefully inched the car around. She put it in neutral and we coasted down into Napa. Back at the large intersection, we asked some kids at the gas station for directions. "The Holiday Inn's that way," they said, pointing across the intersection in the direction we'd been going when we drove into town originally, "About

fifty yards." It was. It was *not* on Redwood Road. It's on Solano. Maybe Solano was Redwood when that billboard went up. We checked in four hours after we'd told the hotel we'd be there, but they were good sports about it.

They gave us a suite and two double rooms for the night, a tad excessive, but we weren't going to complain. We dined on the giant platter of cheese and salami and fruit and nuts the hotel staff had placed in the suite for us, and went to bed. In the morning we met with Lauren, who gave us a tour, and we negotiated the contract.

Look, this place is not the Claremont--few places are--but it is a nice hotel and will suit our needs quite well. I found the sleeping rooms a bit stark, but then I'm into Victorian opulence. The Suites consist of a central room bounded by two double sleeping rooms. The central room is long and narrow, with a couch, a table, some chairs, a wet bar with sink and fridge, a closet and a bathroom with tub and shower. The couch folds out into a sofabed. The sleeping rooms are fairly spacious, but not



excessively so. The heaters work.

The lobby has a large but cosy seating area with several old fashioned sofas and chairs, a large working fireplace, and a window wall overlooking the patio area. There are also dark oak beams in the ceiling, very nice. The patio is trellised and, when we were there, covered with grape vines. The hotel itself is wrapped around a central courtyard with pretty rolling green landscaping, a smallish but truly unique swimming pool (heated), and a 5-person jacuzzi with adjustable settings. The tennis courts are behind the hotel.

There's a moderately (by California standards) expensive dining room in the hotel, that serves breakfast, too, and a funky bar that was packed and noisy the night we arrived. We got the impression that it's the hot spot for entertainment in Napa.

Across the parking lot (pray for clear skies come February) is a second bar that is used exclusively for private parties. It has a large dining area, and a reasonably large area for seating around the huge fireplace. Also a marvelous antique oak, brass-trimmed bar. That's where we'll have our Friday night wine and cheese party. The hotel provides the wine and cheese free for the first hour, after that we pay for wine and beer; if you need hard liquor, you'll have to go back across the parking lot and brave the dancing hordes and the rock & roll band in the hotel bar.

There's nothing special about the main function room we'll be using, except that it has one full wall of glass doors leading out to the patio (if the weather's nice, we can even have our banquet on the patio, if we want). The room can be divided by pull-across accordion dividers, and is plenty big.

We are going with a banquet again. This was voted on at the business meeting at Corflu. The deal is that we get function space (but not the suite) for free if we have a banquet. If we don't have a banquet, we pay a little more than the banquet would cost for the function space, so we

decided to go with the food. The banquet will be buffet-style (we figured there isn't much that can be done to ruin cold-cuts and the like) and will accomodate both herbivores and carnivores, with no extra effort.

Sleeping rooms are a fixed rate of \$55/night for single or double (plus a 10% tax). This may still sound high to some of you (even though it's \$30+ cheaper than the Claremont), but it's awfully good for California. Best we could do. Despite the fact that they claim the hotel will be virtually empty at that time of year, they have agreed to block us around the consuite, so if you really need peace and quiet to sleep, specifically ask to be situated away from the consuite. One thing that's nice is that the hotel isn't concerned about bringing food in, so you can order take-out food from local restaurants if you want. Hotel registration cards will be sent to all paid members in PR2 in September. By the way, this hotel knows we're Corflu, so if you need to phone them, they'll know what group you're talking about.

The hotel was comfortable, and the staff seemed friendly; the only minor drawback that we could find is that the hallways are narrow, and some are *very* low-ceilinged. Tall persons may have to creep along the sides to avoid hitting their heads on the light fixtures.

After settling the contract, we explored the area outside the hotel. This is truly beautiful country, and we well be encouraging you all to stay a few extra days in Napa and explore it with us. Next time, we'll have reports about wine tours, mineral springs and mud baths, balloon rides, restaurants, dude ranches, you name it.

--Allyn Cadogan



PREVIOUSLY READ FANZINES

Just before CORFLU 1, Lynn and I dragged some twenty boxes of fanzines out of the closets and into the living room. After three days of steady sorting (during which the apartment became redolent of old mimeo ink and I suffered sneezing fits from the paper dust) nine boxes went back into the closet and eleven boxes went to CORFLU. After it was all over, four came back.

On Saturday, Lynn turned the CORFLU convention room into a flea market. Scheduled events were deserted as fans zeroed in on Lynn and his boxes, eager to get their hands on some old twiltone. (Bruce Townley, who hates conventions, and who had only come to CORFLU in the first place because all his friends were there, spent a few minutes watching people shell out good money for bad fanzines and left in disgust, not to return.) After the impromptu flea market, Lynn was left with several boxes of fanzines on his hands, which he donated to CORFLU for auction. In case you're wondering how much fans will pay for unopened boxes of fanzines, one box of miscellaneous zines went for \$20, and a box of apazines went to a good home for \$9. After the auction, there was *still* a box or two left, which Lynn pawned off on Seth Goldberg, saying, "Look, if you take these boxes I'll give \$3 to CORFLU." Shrewd businessman, Lynn.

The whole thing was very enlightening. Spending three days sorting fanzines, making split second decisions about whether to keep a zine or to chuck out another (I admit a lot of zines went into a "maybe" box) and then to watch an eager horde of fanzine fans pawing over the same boxes, making their own quick

decisions, made me start thinking about why people keep--or don't keep--fanzines.

First you should know the history of those twenty boxes. By no means had all of the fanzines in those boxes been sent directly to Lynn and I. At a Westercon years ago, in the first flush of fannishness, while Lynn was still a "collector," we fell victim to Bruce Pelz and a vanload of fanzines. So you see, most of the fanzines sold and given away at CORFLU had already passed through several hands--and been stored in several closets--before that Saturday free-for-all. A few of them had passed out of the hands of the original owners before either Lynn or I had been born.

All faneditors want their zines to go to an appreciative audience, to people who'll read them, loc them, and then lovingly file them away. It doesn't happen that way. At CORFLU, Ted White, rumaging through a box, suddenly said to Lynn, with a touch of surprise in his voice, "There are copies of *Pong* in here." He turned over the issue in his hand. "Why this is Cheryl's copy." Lynn, slightly embarrassed, mumbled something about having duplicate copies of a lot of things--which of course was *not* the right thing to say, because then Ted is thinking "Who *else* gets rid of *Pong*? (The proper face-saving maneuver is to grasp the zine out of Ted's hand, glare at it--the zine, not the hand--and demand hotly "Cheryl's copy! However did that get in there?")

I do understand Ted's feelings. Shall I tell you how many copies of *The Wretch Takes to Writing* I found while sorting through those twenty boxes, and how many of them bore the names and addresses of prominent fans? Was I hurt? Well, a little. But by now I've realized that not everybody is an "archivist"--as one of my correspondents rubberstamps on her letters, it sounds better than "pack rat"--and not everybody thinks my fanzine is so wonderful they want to carry it with them all through their natural life.

There are the Bruce Pelzes and there are the Harry Warners (he responds to it all--does he *keep* it all? Do you, Harry?). Then there are people

like Jeanne Gomoll, who throws almost everything away--after she reads and responds to it, she's a conscientious sort of person.

For myself, I go through pack-rat phases and spring-cleaning phases. When the boxes don't fit in the closets and you start tripping over them in the hallway, it's spring-cleaning time.

So what do I keep after spring cleaning, you want to know. What's in those nine boxes that didn't go to CORFLU? Lucky for us, somebody way back when didn't keep his copies of *Hyphen*; another closet-cleaner dumped copies of *Potlatch*, so now they're mine. I'm also grateful to those who let copies of *Oxymoron* and *Abba-Zabba* out of their hands--fanzines by friends of mine before they were friends of mine.

As for stuff I get in the mail, that's a little harder. I keep zines by people I know and like, zines by people who's writing I like, most feminist fanzines, fanzines that have reprints of old fannish articles in them...and "good" fanzines.

Thinking about all this, I became curious about what kinds of things other people kept, so I conducted an informal survey among Bay Area fans. The most original answer to the question, "What fanzines do you keep?" was given by one Kent Johnson, who said, "The ones with the dirty stuff." I must investigate his source of fanzines. Everybody else gave me a variation on "I keep fanzines by my friends." Given the nature of fandom, what some people mean by "friends" is correspondents whom they have never met, or met only briefly at conventions, but who's writing they like. But it's also true that fanzines by people you know well have special, intimate quality, even if it's a genzine. Fanzines by friends tend to take on the same sort of meaning as family photographs--people are just as embarrassed by their neozines as by their baby pictures.

High on the "keep list" is naturally enough, fanzines one has published oneself (people even keep old stencils). Fanzines in which

you have articles, artwork or a letter are also keepers; in fact, most of the fans I surveyed said they kept fanzines by their friends, fanzines that had articles by themselves, in that order, not even mentioning their own zines. But that's probably just because they figured *that* went without saying...

Everybody says they keep "good fanzines." You know, *good* fanzines. Some of the surveyees were more specific. Good fanzines, according to Rich Coad, show wit, verve, and vivacity.

Loren MacGregor was even more expansive, saying, "I don't get zines, ahem. During the time I *did* get genzines, the ones I kept were the ones that had something in them that I could re-read in a few years. Fanzines are really...kind of boring. I keep fanzines by *people* who are interesting in themselves and able to write about what interests them. People who say, 'This fascinates me; I'm going to write about it,' as opposed to 'This is fascinating to others so I'll write about it.' I keep zines by people who know how to *edit*. But the main thing is, can I read it in another five years?"

Of course, everyone has their own quirks and personal taste, and their own reasons for keeping or not keeping zines. Candi Strecker keeps all *mail art* zines. "Since they're *art*, I usually keep them," she says. "Even though some of them are pretty bad." She adds, "If they were fanzines and that bad, I wouldn't keep them."

Other fans keep specialty fanzines. Jim Kennedy likes Lovecraft zines and Oz zines; Mog Decarnin, like me, likes feminist zines and also keeps an eye out for fanzines containing articles about Samuel Delany.



Allyn Cadogan saves lettersubs, perzines, and small zines in a series, such as *Pong*, indicating she likes fanzines with a personal slant.

Everyone agreed that clubzines were the first to be chucked out. Except for these, fans don't like to actually *throw away* fanzines; they'd rather sell them or give them away to friends. Most fans only throw out zines under pressure--like having to move in a hurry. If there's a fan nearby, he or she is likely to suddenly acquire a small collection. "I gave a lot of zines to Dan Steffan when I moved," Bruce Townley told me. Fans tend to move *a lot* and rather than haul sixteen tons of twiltone around with them they will often, like Terry Floyd, leave their collections with their parents, who, unless they live in California, have basements. Leaving your collection in the hands of parents isn't always the best idea, as fans who were active in the forties might remember. Between wartime paper shortages and Patriotic parents, many fanzine and prozine collections came to grief. We won't have to worry about paper shortages in the next world war, but it's always a good idea to keep tabs on the spring-cleaning tendencies of parents in charge of fanzine collections.

For whatever reasons--and remember, fans aren't immortal, they do on occasion die and leave fanzine collections--a goodly number of the fanzines so lovingly mailed end up far from their original destination. That's not such a bad thing. I'm sure the people who bought old fanzines at CORFLU 1 were pleased with their purchases. They were happy to complete their files of *Pong* or to get a nice fat run of *Mythologies* or even copies of their own early zines. Here was a chance to sample some Australian and British fanzines, and 50¢ a throw isn't too bad at that.

No faned has any real reason to complain about their fanzines showing up in those boxes. Because at least they weren't being stored in someone's closet. They are being read again.

---Cheryl Cline



ATTENTION

The Twiltone Zone is published by The Norfolk Howard People's Co-Operative Press. However, if you have something to say to CORFLU, or if you're hankering to send in your membership money, you can write to CORFLU at the following address:

CORFLU
PO Box 590712
San Francisco, CA 94159



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